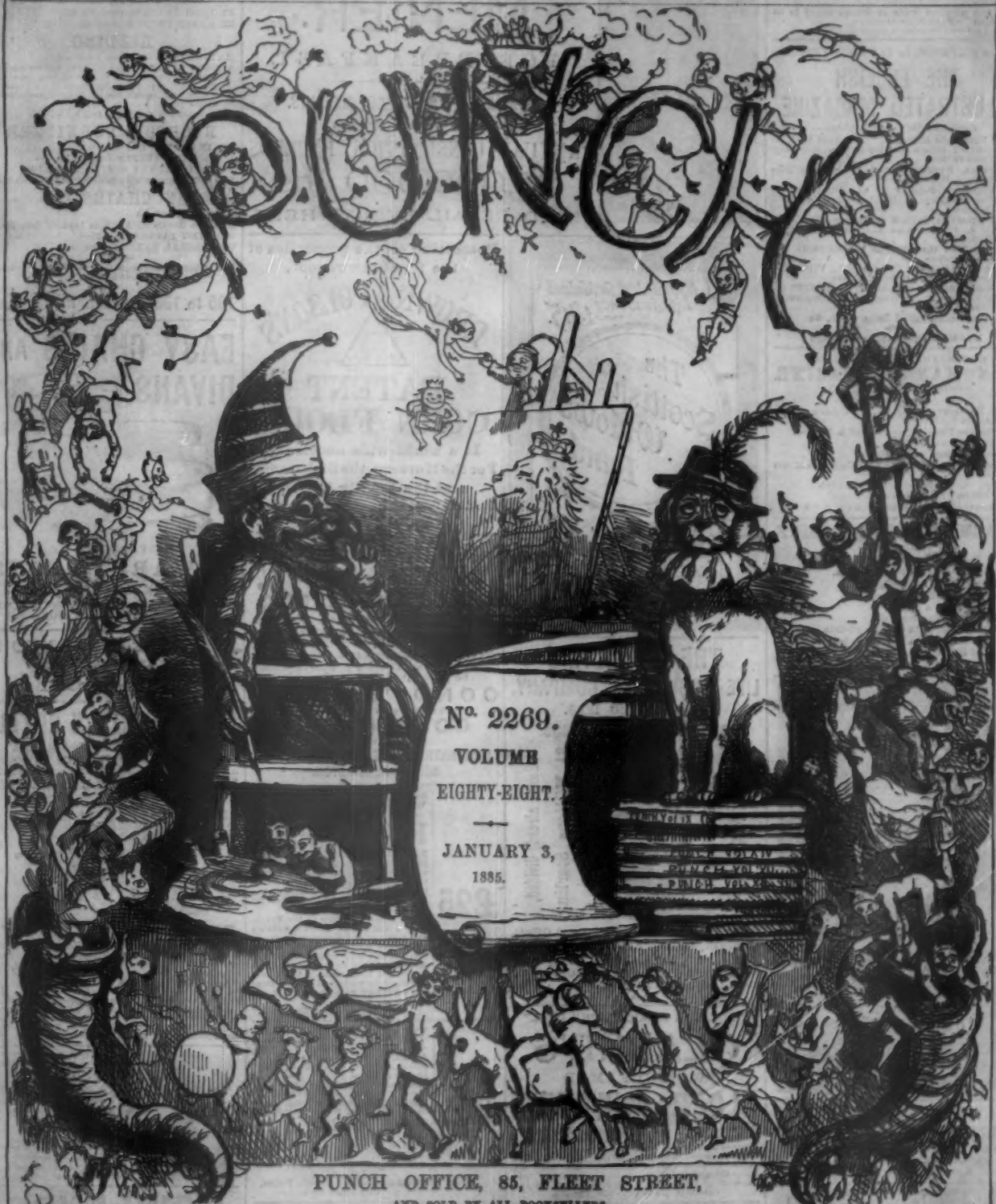


Advertisement.—The publication of MR. HARRY FURNISS' **PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS,** announced for the early part of December, has had to be deferred until after the holidays, in consequence of the careful printing rendered necessary by the novel form of treatment



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

adopted in the construction of the book. Each of the Drawings will be printed on untouched Japanese Paper, to which will be attached Key Plans, identifying the whole of the Members therein portrayed. Only a limited number will be printed, and these, intending purchasers should secure by an early application to their Booksellers. The book will be ready about January 15. Bound in vellum after a Japanese Design.

[Bradbury, Agnew & Co.,  
25, Abchurch Lane, E.C.







### GISSING THE ROD.

We have but now laid our hand upon a few days' old number of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which containeth a piece of wisdom so entirely monumental, that it well deserves to be "*are perennius*"—which we would render, for the moment, into "longer-lived than its own brass." It has nothing to do with the conduct of that bright and many-sided journal, be it said, but merely with a Correspondent who has at least the courage of his opinions in signing his name. The correspondence appears to have begun in one of the endless foolishnesses about contemporary novel-writing which appear to beguile the leisure of so many of our modern Cacoëthics. And "*SYLVANUS*" and "*GEORGE GISSING*" are severe upon a Mr. MOORE, who seems to have complained that, in these days of Mudie-cum-Smith tyranny, books are sometimes capriciously withdrawn from all the bookstalls of the Autocrats, and the Author left without a remedy. As a matter of fact, that is quite true; and the personalities of "*SYLVANUS*," who says he is a woman, neither young nor old, and so adopts that eminently female signature (*Girtonism* is good—but imperfect *Girtonism* is dangerous), do not affect the position of Mr. MOORE.

But "*SYLVANUS*" is eclipsed indeed by the Correspondent who follows him or her—the great Mr. GEORGE GISSING. Humbly we own that we never heard his name before, though it seems suggestive of a kind of guttural German embrace performed by the nationaliser of the Land. But GISSING should be known. This is what GISSING writes:—

"One of the most painful confessions in literature is that contained in the preface to '*Pendennis*,' where THACKERAY admits that 'since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man,'—on penalty, be it understood" (by GISSING) "of a temporary diminution of receipts. If this be not a tradesman's attitude, what is? Let novelists be true to their artistic conscience, and the public taste will come round. In that day there will be no complaint of the circulating libraries. It is a hard thing to say, but THACKERAY, when he knowingly wrote below the demands of his art to conciliate Mrs. GRUNDY, betrayed his trust; and the same thing is being done by our living novelists every day."

O ye demigods and little GISSINGS, did anybody ever hear the like of this? Not all the waters of Gissing can do much for anybody who openly prays that the public taste may "come round" again to the open coarseness of *Tom Jones*; the vice of an age as much as our age has its own, which THACKERAY, one of the cleanest-minded writers who ever lived, points out in that same preface to be happily out of date. All the world knows what that preface meant, save and except GISSING, who thinks that THACKERAY's artistic conscience suggested Dirt, and his art demanded it, but that he was afraid of losing money by it!! Had he but been true to his conscience and his tastes, his receipts would have gone up in time, for GISSING would have bought his books. But THACKERAY betrayed his trust (ye gods! THACKERAY!) by being sweet and pure, though

it is a "hard thing" to say." It should have been not only hard but impossible, GISSING. As for our living novelists, they are disgusting GISSING by "doing the same every day." Well, they are, GISSING; and speaking with some knowledge of them, we do not altogether regret it. We regret that GISSING cannot get the reading he likes, except by going back to more conscientious days; and we do not wholly love Mrs. GRUNDY. But we like her taste in books better than GISSING's. We will do all we can to help you to your desired celebrity, GISSING, though we care not to be gissing who can have brought you up. Praised be the gods for thy foulness, GISSING! but also that, as we fondly hope, there are not very many like thee.

### HOW TO COIN MONEY.

(According to Precedent.)

As easy as possible. All you want is some paste, a pair of scissors, a number of old Periodicals, and a moderate credit at a Printer's and a Paper-maker's. With these requisites you can commence publishing a new Weekly Paper, which you can call boldly,

#### SWEET STUFF.

You will have made it up of cuttings from the Periodicals already referred to. But you want a little original matter, and will advertise in your own Paper that you will give a

#### £10 PRIZE FOR THE BEST ROMANTIC STORY,

reserving to yourself, of course, the right of publishing every Tale you receive. Thus, for a moderate sum, you will obtain any amount of Original Fiction, of more or (generally) less merit. But now you want to advertise the Paper a little, so again offer Prizes, say,

#### SPECIAL PRIZE—A CHRISTENING SILVER GOBLET,

to be given on the condition that the Baby to be named is given the sole title of "*Sweet Stuff*." Then, to please other tastes, announce

#### UNIQUE PRIZE—FIRST CLASS FUNERAL.

The lucky recipient to guarantee, however, that when he is buried his executors shall be directed to inscribe merely "*Sweet Stuff*" on his tombstone.

Other prizes and rewards of a similar character might be awarded. For the rest stick to scissors and paste.

*Sweet Stuff* you will find soon paying its way. Its circulation will increase by leaps and bounds. Before you know where you are, without the assistance of a staff, without the aid of anyone, you will find you have amassed what, of course, you will advertise everywhere,

#### "A COLOSSAL FORTUNE."

TRANSFORMATION SCENER.—Called Back at Prince's changed into Twins. Twins at Olympic changed into Called Back.



## COMMUTATION.

*The Curate (nervously).* "I'M SORRY NOT TO SEE YOU OFTENER AT CHURCH, SIR GORGIOUS!"

*Sir Gorgius.* "OH—AH—YES! MY OLD HENEMY, THE GOUT, YER KNOW. BUT IF THE FUNDS ARE DICKEY, SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO SEND YOU A CHEQUE!"

*The Curate.* "OH, THANK YOU, SIR GORGIOUS! THAT 'LL DO JUST AS WELL!"

## "A NEW LEAF" IN LAW COURTS.

(A Charge by Mr. Justice Lacom.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—You have been engaged a whole fortnight in trying a case which, when I was a boy, would have been decided at one sitting in a single day. During your detention in this Court, obliged to neglect your own affairs, they have probably, for some, if not all of you, gone to ruin. I would certainly have cut proceedings short had I not known that the consequence of that step would be a new trial, and after that an appeal with all the waste of words you have had to endure reproduced over and over again. I am going to add to that endurance as little as I can. The Counsel for both Plaintiff and Defendant have made speeches full ten times as long as they had any occasion to, and examined and cross-examined an excessive number of Witnesses at a most unnecessary length. It may be expected that in pursuance of the practice which has become prevalent, I should follow suit, and deliver a summing-up of proportionate prolixity. I shall subject you to no such infliction.

The matter in question for your decision is one that lies in a nutshell. It is simply as follows. (Here the learned Judge, in a few words, stated the case.) All of the evidence that has any bearing whatever on the case is that of six Witnesses on either side out of sixty. I shall read you only that of the six (which his Lordship briefly did). Now you know all that you have any need to, for agreement in your verdict, which you can retire to consider, if not prepared to return it without leaving the box. As this is the beginning of the year, when there is annually talk of "turning over a new leaf," I have determined to do so myself in my judicial capacity, by way of example; and I hope none of you will ever again be detained for half a lunar month by proceedings so preposterously protracted as to suggest the influence of lunacy.

WHY NOT?—East London is at present in desperate need of work. East London is *always* in much need of play. The converting of the Main Drainage Embankment into a place of public recreation would give East London work now and play hereafter. This seems a consummation devoutly to be wished. Why not bring it about? The only reason seems to be that the Metropolitan Board of Works consider it "undesirable." Is that "final, conclusive and binding" as the parchment-spoilers say? Mr. Punch thinks not. What does the Public think?

## PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

## "THE POISON TREE."

You ought to read *The Poison Tree*—  
'Tis FISHER UNWIN's copyright—  
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE!

'Tis taken from the Bengali,  
Translated well by Mrs. KNIGHT—  
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*.

'Tis published in one vol.—not three—  
A story quaint and apposite;  
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE.

As Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD he—  
A learned preface doth indite;  
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*.

Though bored by novels you may be—  
Don't miss this tale, by oversight,  
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE.

'Twill whet, this novel-noveltree,  
The novel-reader's appetite:  
You ought to read *The Poison Tree*—  
By BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJEE!

## AN OLD FRIEND FOR 1885.

Of learning there's a store,  
In *Whitaker's Almanack*!  
Indeed we find much more,  
Profound statistic lore,  
Than e'en in Eighty-four—  
'Tis full as it can pack!  
Of learning there's a store—  
In *Whitaker's Almanack*!

## "RHYMES À LA MODE."

*Rhymes à la Mode*, you'll find we know,  
'Tis polished, piquant, *comme il faut*:  
The Poet makes no long harangue,  
But strikes his harp with merry twang,  
With melody 'tis all a-glow!

While fitful fancies come and go,  
In *rondel*, *ballade*, or *rondeau*,  
He guiltless quite of Cockney slang—  
*Rhymes à la Mode*!

Of all who sing such songs and show,  
How rhythmic rhyme should rightly flow;  
A brighter, lighter, seldom sang,  
Than laughing, lilted ANDREW LANG!  
So get from KEGAN PAUL & Co.—  
*Rhymes à la Mode*!

## "UNE JOURNÉE D'ENFANT."

*Une Journée d'Enfant*, here you see,  
In twenty drawings by MARIE—  
Supremely skilful.  
The clever Artist here unfurls,  
The woes and joys of little girls,  
Short-frocked and frillful!  
In bed, in bath, at dinner, tea,  
At lessons, music, romping, we,  
A Baby Beauty clearly see,  
Superbly wilful!

## Mind your Eye!

THE Boundary Commission in Suffolk has been holding a kind of spelling-bee (no, a spelling-eye) over Dame BARTLETT's famous borough. Mr. GLADSTONE says it ought to be pronounced "Eh?" probably because of its confirmed habit of asking foolish questions. But can anybody doubt that Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT is the best representative living of an exceeding large class, as the Member for "I"?

Bless thee, our BARTLETT, thou art redistributed. Thou hast but made a hash of it; and it is thy just hash-meed.



NEW YEAR'S EVE. MR. PUNCH, IN HIS MERRIEST OR POM-MERRIEST MOMENTS, DRINKS TO DEPARTING DECEMBER!



## 'ARRY ON 'APPINESS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

A 'APPY New Year to yer! That's the straight tip for to-day, So I'm bound to be in it, old chip, though things don't look remarkable gay. I inclose you a Card—a correct one, I 'ope, though it strikes one as queer That such picters is thought *appy* this perticular time of the year.

You 'll observe there's a hangel in muslin a twisting 'erself all awry, With some plums, happle-blossoms, and marigolds, backed by a dab 'o' blue sky. Dekkyrative it's called, so the mivvy informed me who nobbled my tanner; I call it a little bit mixed, like the art on a Odd-Fellow's banner.

But, bless you, it's all of a piece, CHARLIE—Life is so muddled with rot That it takes rayther more than a Judge or a Jury to tell yer wot's wot. Whether knifing a boy 'cos one's peckish means murder, if lyings are libels, Seem questions as bothers the Big Wigs, in spite of their Blue Books and Bibles.

Where are we, old pal? that's the question. Perhaps it would add to one's ease If life was declared a "Mixed Wobble," its motter a "Go as you please." But 'tisan't all Cinder-path, CHARLIE, wus luck! if it was, with "all in," You wouldn't go fur wrong, I fanoy, in backing "yours truly" to win.

"A 'Appy New Year!" That's the cackle all over the shop like to-day. Wot's 'Appiness? Praps Mister RUSKIN and little Lord GARMOYLE will say. You an me's got *our* notions of yum-yum, as isn't fur wide o' the mark, But who'll give us change for 'em, CHARLIE? Ah! that's where we're left in the dark.

The Reform Bill won't do it, my Pippin, no that you may lay your last dollar. The fact is this 'Appy New Year fake is 'oller, mate, hutterly 'oller. 'Twon't fly—like the Christmas Card hangels, it doesn't fit into the facks; All it does is to spread tommy-rot, and to break all the Postmen's poor backs.

You'll be thinking I've got the blue-mouldies, old man, and you won't be fur hout.

Funds low with yours truly, my bloater, no chances of getting about. Larks, any amount of 'em, going, advertisements gassing like fun, But 'ARRY, for once in the way, 's a stone-broker and not in the run.

It's cutting, that's wot it is, *cutting*. I'm so used to leading the field, That takes as fust-ly at life's fences is one as I *don't* like to yield, Espeahly to one like BILL BLOSSIT,—no style, not a bit about BILL! And they talk of a 'Appy New Year, mate, and cackle o' Peace and Goodwill!

Oh yus, I'd goodwill 'em, BILL BLOSSIT and false FANNY FRISWELL, a lot! They are off to the World's Fair to-night, Sir, and *that's* why I say it's such rot. If form such as mine's to go 'obbling whilst Muggin'es win, out 'o eight, I say the World's Handicap's wrong, mate, and Christmas Cards won't set it right.

Lor bless yer, he ain't got no patter, not more than a nutmeg, BILL ain't; But the railway has taken his shop, and he's come out as fresh as new paint. And so because I'm out of luck, and that duffer has landed the chink, She 'ooks onto him like a bat to a belfry, Sir! What do you think?

A 'Appy New Year? Yus, it looks like it! CHARLIE, old chap, I've heard tell Of parties called Pessimists, writers as swear the whole world's a Big Sell; No doubt they've bin jilted, or jockeyed by some such a Juggins as BILL; And without Real Jam—cash and kisses—this world is a bitterish pill.

Still I wish you a 'Appy New Year, if you care for the kibosh, old Chappie, Though 'taint 'Igh Art Cards full o' gush and green paint 'll make you and me 'appy.

Wot we want is lucre and larks, love and lotion as much as you 'll carry! Give me them, and one slap at that BILL,—they're the right New Year Gifts to suit

'ARRY.

## Lounging Suit for Managers.

THE *Daily News* interviewer has been at it again. Look here!—

"As Mr. BANCROFT is discovered in a fulvous-hued velvet jacket and the pretty library at his house in Berkeley Square—"

No wonder Mr. BANCROFT finds managerial cares irksome, when he has to wear "a fulvous-hued velvet jacket and the pretty library." This interviewer is a very Costume Columbus, and his ability in discovering dresses of an entirely original nature ought to make him invaluable at a theatre. The Honourable LEWIS WINGFIELD must look to his laurels.

## The London Bridge Explosion.

THE real culprit is said to be MACAULAY's New Zealander. The worthy Native—who has been promptly interviewed—says that he has been waiting for so many years to sit on the ruins of London Bridge, that he was naturally anxious to do so before he became an Old Zealander. "Alas!" he added, with a grim smile fitting o'er his swarthy countenance, "I am a Middle-Aged Zealander as t is!"

## NOTHING LIKE NUMBERS.

*The Triangles, Euclidsville.*

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

BEFORE Mr. COURTNEY's excellent plan for securing proportional representation is forgotten, if not forgiven, will you kindly allow me to recapitulate what I understand to be its provisions?

If am not mistaken, the ex-Minister wishes to give everybody one vote more than the number of Candidates. Thus, if there are five Candidates, every one is to have six votes. This is as simple as possible—say that there are 12,000 votes, then this number must be divided by six, which will give 2,000. It stands to reason, then, that any one having more than 2,000, must have been elected, because 2,000 represents a sixth, and only a fifth is required, as there are only five Candidates.

This is perfectly simple, and comprehensible. Thus, we will imagine a list of Candidates:—

1. Mr. GLADSTONE.
2. Mr. BRADLAUGH.
3. Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND.
4. Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.
5. Mr. HUGH CONWAY.

We will imagine the votes are given, and at the first scrutiny Messrs. GLADSTONE and BRADLAUGH are elected, both having more than 2000 respectively—the first having 8000, the second, 3000. We now take the votes not required by the two duly elected Members and add them to the other Candidates requiring votes. Mr. HUGH CONWAY has 500, and Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI, 500. Each of these require 1500 votes a piece to obtain the required number, so we knock off 6,000 of Mr. GLADSTONE's votes and 1000 of Mr. BRADLAUGH's and begin counting again. We have a second scrutiny with the following result:—

HUGH CONWAY	684
TRACY TURNERELLI	1007
WILLIAM HOLLAND	5000

Now Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND is triumphantly returned by an enormous majority to every one's surprise, as in the last scrutiny it will be remembered he had no record. And now it is discovered, by turning the votes round and beginning to count at the other end, that quite a different result would be achieved, that the figures would come out thus:—

HUGH CONWAY	5991
TRACY TURNERELLI	503
WILLIAM HOLLAND	7

This of course differs vastly from the second scrutiny, and is a little embarrassing. But say a third is tried, beginning the counting in the middle, and then we get the following:—

TRACY TURNERELLI	5991
HUGH CONWAY	503
WILLIAM HOLLAND	7

This again is rather disappointing, as it shows that the same number of votes may be productive of vastly different results. But perhaps the simplest way to meet the admitted difficulty is to multiply the favourite by six, adding ten to each of the others, and a moiety of the whole number. This will give us (I have not worked it out on paper but it can easily be verified):—

TRACY TURNERELLI	24000
HUGH CONWAY	7
WILLIAM HOLLAND	1143

This somehow does not look right, because by our first rule Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI has many thousands more than he requires, and the others considerably less. So, again, we add sixteen, divide by five, multiplying by the result thus obtained and leaving out fractions—but here, as I am rather at fault, I call upon Mr. COURTNEY to take the matter out of my hands, and himself explain his admirable system. With deep respect, Yours, like Plum Pudding and Mince Pies at this Season of the Year, SLIGHTLY MIXED.

*The Day after New Year's Eve, 1884—1885.*

REAL "REDISTRIBUTION BILL."—BILL SIKES.

## NO JOKE.

A FEW days since a man, charged with begging, and who said he had walked eight hundred miles in search of work, was brought before Mr. BALGUY, the excellent Magistrate of Woolwich Police Court, when the following dialogue (suggesting that perhaps, after all, employment just now may be scarce) took place:—

"Mr. BALGUY: And so you may go on for a thousand miles longer. A man who is thrown out of work just now has very little hope. Why don't you go to the workhouse? DEFENDANT: The workhouse is not for an able-bodied man like me, able and willing to work. Besides, I am only one out of thousands of men out of work all over the country. I saw hundreds and hundreds at the docks this morning fighting for the chance of an hour's work. Mr. BALGUY: Have you tried the new docks at Tilbury? DEFENDANT: Yes, Sir; but there were a hundred men waiting for every one wanted. Mr. BALGUY: You are a Scotchman, are you not? If a Scotchman cannot get work nobody can. (*A laugh in court.*) Don't laugh. It is not a joke, but a fact; for Scotchmen, as a rule, are industrious and persevering. DEFENDANT: I really don't know where to turn next."

As he had said, the workhouse was not the place for able-bodied men such as he; and as for the only other refuge, there still exists amongst the class to which he belongs an objection to the prison. So the only answer to the kindly-intentioned request to "move on" was "whither!"

## METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 2.



PROPOSED ELEVATED ROADWAY FOR PERAMBULATORS.

## EDUCATIONAL ESTIMATES.

(By a Parochial Philistine.)

WE've reason to congratulate Ourselves, you think, MUNDELLA, So mightily that our school-rate Ameliorates our "fellah." But when instruction shall have all The People elevated, Oh, then what will therefrom befall The Higher Classes rated!

What will they do for servant-maids,

Cooks, footmen, grooms, and pages.

Who'll claim, upraised in mental grades,

As high a rise in wages:

The price of Education's fruits,

For hands to wait at table,

Clean knives and forks, and shoes and boots,

And tend the steed and stable?

Eftsoons will menials, maids, and knaves,

Both, come too dear to cost us.

The system of a race of slaves

Is now for ever lost us.

It was, in sooth, a Pagan plan,

Because, though queer men, truly,

A Nigger is a kind of man,

So, likewise, is a Coolie.

Well stored with Lower Orders' heads,

We ne'er shall get those others

To scrub our floors, and make our beds,

Fair sisters, gentle brothers,

Except on terms which would almost

Amount to ruination;

Then wait we on ourselves, and boast

Of popular elevation.

## IN A CHRISTMAS NUTSHELL.

(Amusing Précis for the Season.)

## I.

COUNT MÜNSTER presents his compliments to Earl GRANVILLE, and will be extremely obliged if he can inform him whether he or any member of his Government has ever heard of a tract of land lying beyond the region of the Orange River; and if so, what they think of it.

## II.

EARL GRANVILLE presents his best compliments to Count MÜNSTER, and begs, in reply to his kind inquiries, to inform him that as it is an invariable custom for himself and his colleagues never to have any cognisance of any land whatever, either beyond the Orange River or elsewhere, until the knowledge they have acquired on the subject is either useless, or humiliating, or both, he has not yet received any information about the tract in question, but hopes that his Excellency is quite well, and enjoying the pleasant spring weather.

P.S.—Earl GRANVILLE takes this opportunity of adding, in a purely sportive vein, that though he and his colleagues never heard of the place, they should consider further inquiries on the matter a distinct violation of the integrity of the British Empire.

## III.

COUNT MÜNSTER's kind compliments to Earl GRANVILLE and the Earl of DERBY, and would be glad to know whether at this present moment, an English Travelling Circus is in need of British protection beyond the Orange River; and if so, where?

## MY LORDS

## IV.

I am astonished, surprised, and hurt at having been kept waiting six months without any reply to my simple and ingenuous inquiry made in all good faith in November last. The boy waits for an answer to this. I have the honour to be, my Lords,

Your Lordships' faithful servant, MÜNSTER.

## V.

DEAREST COUNT MÜNSTER, WE were out of ink, 'pon my word we were. But you know the little ins and outs in these matters, and will take our petit faux

pas diplomatique in a pleasant and congenial spirit. But there—we'll see about it. All in good time. Yours cordially.

(Signed)

GRANVILLE.—DERBY.

## VI.

COUNT MÜNSTER begs to inform EARL GRANVILLE that he has received instructions from his Government to announce the annexation to the German Empire of the entire tract of land beyond the Orange River, extending five thousand miles West by East to longitude 42° 37' inclusive.

## VII.

LORD GRANVILLE and LORD DERBY by telegram to Count MÜNSTER. Bless us! you don't say so!

## WAITING FOR THE WAGGON.

As we have already waited three-quarters of an hour in the centre of a dark and stuffy tunnel, and I am due in the City half-an-hour ago, perhaps it would be as well to inquire if there is a stoppage on the line.

Guard, have you any reason to suppose that the train has been stopped in order to allow the engine-driver and stoker to have a quiet game of cribbage behind the coals in the tender?

As I have been particularly recommended by my Doctor to "select a bracing air," and as I suffer from asthma and chronic bronchitis, I really don't think that this detention in a sulphurous sewer near Baker Street for a whole hour is likely to improve my general health.

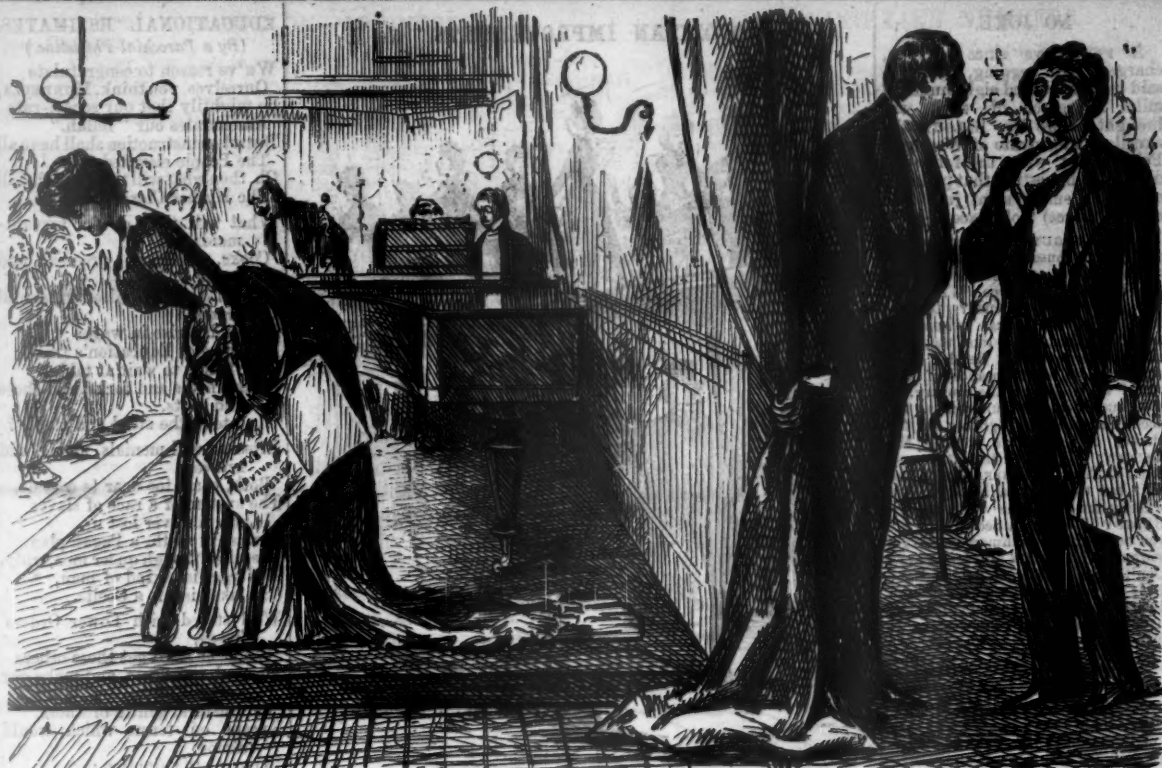
Porter, is my bed made up in the wagon-lit which now runs between Earl's Court and the Mansion House?

Quite considerate of the Company to keep one's train waiting at South Kensington. Can visit Museum.

In spite of the "immense benefits" which the newspapers say will accrue to the Public from the line between Aldgate and the Mansion House, the working arrangements of the "Inner Circle" can hardly as yet be said to be "all square."

REMEDY AT HAWARDEN.—How to counteract the Dynamitard force,—try extra Police Patroleum.





### THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

SCENE—A Concert for the People.

*Distinguished Amateur (about to make his First Appearance in Public). "Oh, I DO FEEL SO NERVOUS!"*

*Sympathetic Friend. "Oh, THERE'S NO OCCASION TO BE NERVOUS, MY DEAR FELLOW. THEY APPLAUD ANYTHING!"*

### BY THE FIRST TRAIN.

WELL, this is the portmanteau, band-box, rug-age,  
With Pelion-on-Ossa Man goes travelling,  
But such a youngster, and with so much luggage!  
The thing is gravelling.

If it were a young Wife, or one of matron age,  
Bound seaward for a week, it were no wonder;  
But when a Boy gives Woman's weakness patronage,  
It seems a blunder.

Poor little lad! what a prodigious burden!  
He cannot find it needful for a jolly day,  
Like JENNY JESSAMY or old Dame DURDEN,  
When making holiday.

He looks extremely jaunty, jocosund, jolly,  
Almost a sort of adolescent Masher,  
As though he meant—but youthful hopes are folly—  
To prove a dasher.

Doubtless, in Sweedlepian appraisalment  
He'd be a *Bailey Junior*. Mrs. HOMINNEY  
Would say he filled the sons with amazement,  
Young Anno Domini.

He looks all saucy ease and smart security,  
But he will find a traveller's trials troublesome;  
He'll also find the coming of maturity  
Deepens and doubles 'em.

Yet why discourage thus our young *Viator*  
With echoes stale of the *labuntur anni*?  
Though these come natural to Time's contemplator,  
Who's seen so many.

Rather with pœans gay of cheery trope full,  
As ever sung at triumph or at tourney  
By troubadour, let's welcome our Young Hopeful  
On his first journey.

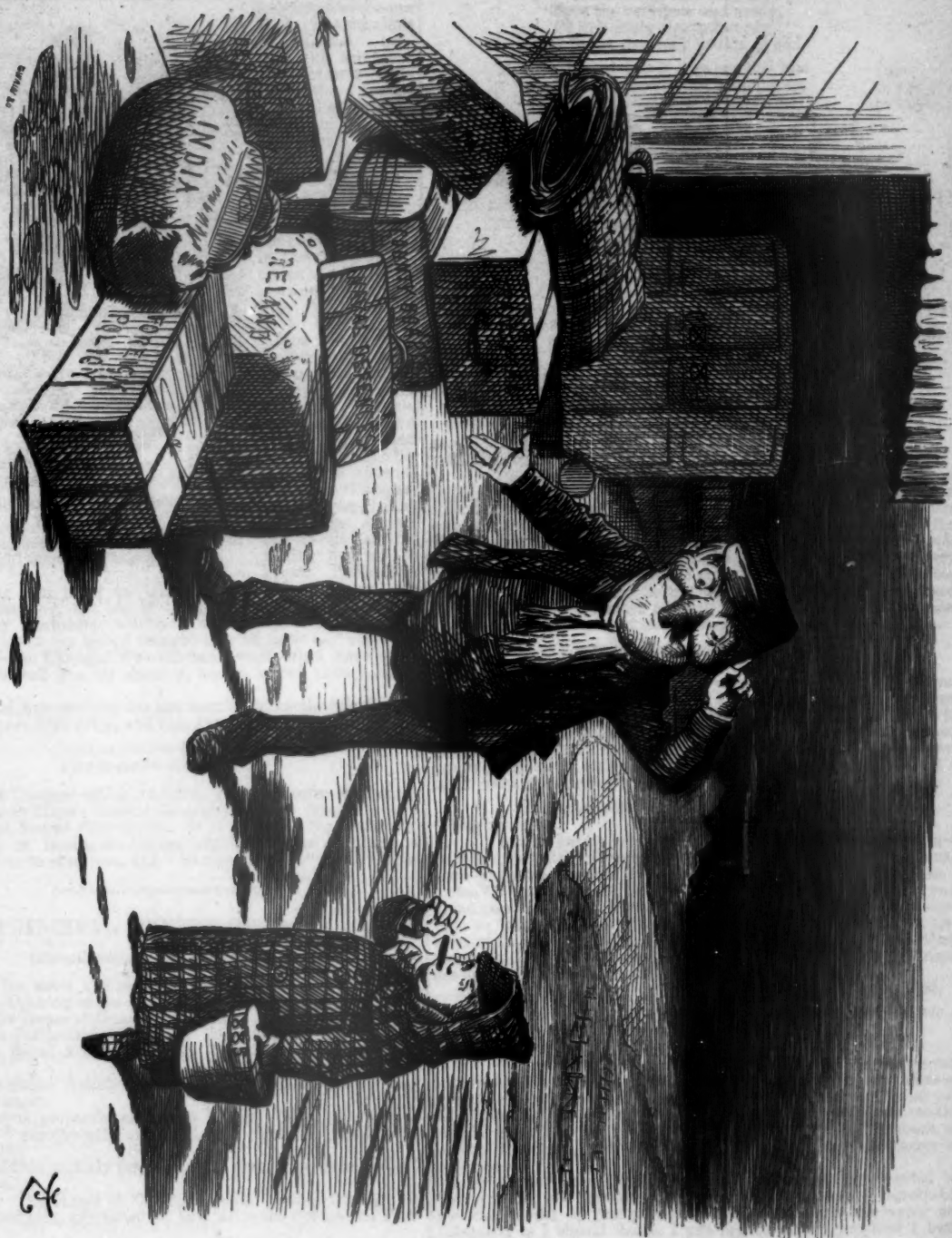
True all that pile of baggage more than doubles  
The youngster's burdens in a mode scarce merited.  
He's not the first though who his "Guvnor's" troubles  
Has thus inherited.

What will he do with them? 'Tis yet too early  
To answer. Here's your health, Boy! May you thrive well!  
May Heaven protect, amidst Time's hurly-burly.  
Young Eighty-Five well!

### THE END OF AN ACT.

A FEW days ago a prisoner who had confessed that he had frequented a public place with the intention of committing a theft, was liberated by Mr. D'EYNOCOURT on the score that two Judges had decided that a place could not be said to be "frequented" by a person if the alleged frequenter only paid it a single visit. The prisoner was so overjoyed at this that he fainted away on the spot! When he recovered, the Magistrate informed him that, though he (the prisoner) had been under the impression that he was picking pockets, yet, in the eye of the Law, which must be very short-sighted, he was not guilty of anything of the sort, as the pockets in question being empty, are, it appears, anybody's property and open to all the world. The new legal *argumentum ad pocketum*—so to speak—is doubtless cheering to digital experimentalists, but somewhat discomforting to the public at large. A little more of this delightfully subtle casuistry applied to the criminal Code and the Ten Commandments will, we should think, ensure the advent of that Universal Freedom for which philosophers—and pickpockets—have so long been yearning.





## BY THE FIRST TRAIN.

FOREER. "ALL THIS LUGGAGE BELONG TO YOU, CAPTAIN?"

YOURS 1885. "YA-AS;—AT LEAST, I'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER IT!!!"





## PANTOMIME PROBABILITIES.

THERE are only two West End Pantomimes, and, as a Pantomime in Covent Garden Circus is not a Pantomime on the Stage, we may



AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, THE RENOWNED WARRIOR.

"I'm monarch of all I survey,—  
My right there is one to dispute."

*Punch's* young men insist on taking it easy this week, and are all out Christmasing, not one of them can be found to write an account of any Pantomime whatever, or to draw a picture, or to engrave it, or cut it—on second thought they all agree to "cut it"—and so do *We*—the Editorial *We*—till next week, when some of us will be able to tell you all about it, and to record victory along the line.

May Imperial AUGUSTUS rejoice and may WILLIAM the Silent point to the newspapers with pride, and like *Prince Paul* sing—

Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi,  
Dans la gazette d'HOLLANDE.

At the Court Theatre—which is a South-western theatre—is *Bozancos*, or *Harlequin Major-General Bouncer the Magic Match Box and the Little Back Second Floor Room*. It is played in big heads, and was produced on Boxing-an-Coxing night. In the meantime a Happy New Year to every one, and "So say all of Us!" the Editorial *Us*.

## PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF 1885.

(Compiled by our Oynical Prophet.)

January.—Ice, snow and sultry summer weather.

February.—Opening of the House of Commons. Talk.

March.—The House of Commons in session. More talk.

April.—The Parliament still sitting. Most talk.

May.—The Royal Academy Dinner. Sweet-stuff speeches by the President.

June.—Newspaper Article appears—"Truth about the Militia." Frantic Excitement.

July.—Various proposals anent the Militia. Most practical of them—Keep it permanently embodied, and officer it entirely with Field Marshals.

August.—Militia entirely forgotten, and frantic excitement about something else.

September.—The House of Commons, after getting through six months of hard talk, adjourned to look after the Grouse and Partidges.

October.—Publication of 247 Christmas Annuals.

November.—Closing of the Inventories, and opening of the Theatres.

December.—The Compliments of the Season—Bills, Indigestion, Waits, Insomnia, and the usual gush about a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

look upon the veteran E. L. BLANCHARD'S *Whittington*, produced by AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (who does the Crystal Palace Panto too) as the only genuine Pantomime. If there were one at SANGER'S late ASTLEY'S (we must get very, very old, before we can forget that it was ASTLEY'S) "Scenes in the Circle of our childhood! once more don't we behold thee!" it would not be a West-End; indeed it belongs to the Surrey side; and unless there's one at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, with CORNEY GRAIN for *Harlequin*, and ALFRED REED for *Clown*, we know of no rival to *Whittington*. Long before these lines appear, the result of the Boxing Day will be known. But as *Mr.*

## WRONG SIDE AND RIGHT.

ONE year more is one too many  
But for few, indeed, if any,  
Old however they may grow,  
Save the very poor and needy,  
Or extremely sick and seedy,  
Some, that may be fain to go.

At what decade does one find him  
With his best of life behind him,  
And declining days before?  
Which New Year, as first of lesser  
Vigour than its predecessor,  
On the wrong side must he score?

Past twice ten, to girls in plenty,  
On the wrong side seems of twenty,  
If they say not so for fun.  
Is nineteen upon the right side?  
And, regarded on the bright side,  
Which is the wrong side of One?

Right or wrong which side of Eighty?  
Though the load of years be weighty,  
Eighty-one's the right—no bounds  
To the hope that you are going,  
Nearer, on as time is flowing,  
To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

## SOME ELECTION ADDRESSES.

To the Electors of the Ward Borough of Drury Lane.

GENTLEMEN,

In soliciting your suffrage, I really don't think that I need introduce myself. You know me already—or, if you don't, I can conscientiously assert that it is not *my* fault. My claims to your votes are simply irresistible. My *Pluck* is not unrecognised by the *World*, and I have almost discovered the secret of perpetual *Youth*. If I am elected, here's a Transformation Scene for you all! Every man, woman, and child in your Ward shall be placed on the *Free List* for the forthcoming Drury Lane Pantomime, which, I need hardly remark, is the most colossal, and at the same time the most a-mew-sing thing ever put on any stage! AUG-ST-S H-RR-S.

To the Electors of the Strand.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE no 'politics—none whatever. Excuse my glove. You will, however, agree with me—I know you will—that the fellows who are always taking up our noble thoroughfare want taking down. Then that block of 'buses at the corner of Wellington Street is most un-bussy-ness-like. Return me, and I'll abolish it! Keep your eye on your father, and your father will pull you through, and if I don't catch the *Speaker's eye*, my name isn't J. L. T-LE.

To the Magna-Chartists of Wapping Borough.

GENTLEMEN,

I COME before you as an ill-treated Nobleman. It is true I no longer languish in Dartmoor, whither I was sent by the machinations of an unprincipled Government. Perhaps Dartmoor's a place I *Orton't* to mention, so I will merely observe that I come before you on a broad personal basis. I would support any party that would undertake to bring the only genuine CASTRO over from Paramatta, and meanwhile my motto is that some Electors has money and no brains, and some Candidates has brains and no money, and that the former are evidently intended for the use of the latter.

SIB R-G-R T-CH-B-RNE, Bart.

To the Electors of any Metropolitan Borough that is idiotic enough to accept me as its Candidate.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I have no reason to suppose that one among you is so much as acquainted with my name, still less with any claims of mine to represent you all in Parliament, I think it as well to let you know at once that it is my intention to solicit your suffrages on the simple ground of my possession of a really surprising amount of native impudence, and a total want of all political knowledge or experience.

I am a true Liberal, and although I am unhappily prevented by the operation of the Corrupt Practices Act (the only regrettable measure passed by the present Government) from displaying my Liberality as I should desire, I yet beg to assure you that I have managed, by dint of screwing my workmen and swindling my customers, to amass a "modest competence," and that I am ready—indirectly, of course—to spend as much of it among you as it would be safe for me to do, considering the stringent provisions of the Act to which I have referred. Need I say more?

I remain, your devoted Servant,

M. ONEYBAGS.



## EUPHEMISTIC.

Colonel. "I'VE NEVER MET WITH A SMARTER DRILL THAN YOURSELF, SERGEANT, OR ONE MORE THOROUGHLY UP TO ALL HIS DUTIES; BUT YOU'VE ONE MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT, AND THAT IS YOUR CONSTANT USE OF BAD LANGUAGE, AND SWEARING AT THE MEN."

Sergeant. "SIR, PERHAPS I AM A LITTLE SARCASTIC!"

## THE PORE ½-STARVED HI OFFICERS OF THE CORPORASHUN.

I do sometimes read dreadful stories of starwashun, and they natrally tells more upon me, who may be sed to spend his life on the lap of lucksery, than they does on them as don't. But it's werry seldom as I have red sitch a long tale of wo on this werry painful pint, as I red the other day in my favrite noosepaper, the *City Press*. An igh hoffer of the Copperashun, who signs his name with a Cue—I don't know none on 'em as begins so, so I spose its wot we Others calls a *nom der plom*, rites to complane as how as the great City Gilds never asks him and his numrous brotheren to dinner.

Pore fellah! I'm sure as I pitys him artily, knowing wot I nose of them scumpshus entertainmeants. But he shouldn't wondersend to stoop from his lofty spear, and tork, or rayther rite, wot I'm compeld to call gammon. He says as it isn't as he cares pussionally for wot he, sumwot corsely, calls "the Flesh Pots of Egypt"—tho' witch of the many ontrays he means by that indesent illusion I'm sure I don't no, not with even all my egsperience—but he feels most keenly the exclusion from them Marble Alls in witch sun yung lady used to dream as she dwelt. But then, strange to say, he goes on to tell us as how he has bin to every one on 'em wunce, as a friend of one of the Court, but, as he loftly hobseves, so coud any meer Mr. SMITH, or even a Mr. JONES—how complementary to the City Arkitee!—if, as how he had bin asked, but he natrally, as a lofty City swell, pines for the distingwist honner of a speshal inwite, a speshal seat, and a speshal speech.

Well, I natrally trembels as I asks the question, but I wunders how many people who has ewer bin to these abodes of bliss, bleeves this prowd but hungry City Hoffer. It's all werry well to speak contemptuously of his being "flooded" with dinner inwitashuns. Good grayshus! wot a idear! flooded with 'em! but, as no one nose better than me does, there's dinners and dinners, the same as there's turtel soup, and there's cold shoulder, and my egsperienced eye

## FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

(To G. A. S. and other friends, about a recent lapsus quotationis in our last number but one.)

Shade of Sir JOHN SUCKLING and Shade of ROBERT HERRICK.

Herrick (playfully). Why so pale and wan, fond Johnnie?

Prithee why so pale?

I am looking blithe and bonny,

Tell me now your tale.

Prithee, why so pale?

Sir John (sarcastically). "Attempt the end and never stand in doubt."

Yes. I will tell you what it's all about.

ROBERT, read this. I beg to say

These lines you did not write,

"No Sun upon an Easter day

Is half so fine a sight."

Herrick. That's yours.

Sir John.

Herrick.

But Mr. Punch—

I know't—

Attributes them to me.

Yet tell me, JOHN, these lines I quote,

Are they by me or thee?

"Her pretty feet like snails did creep,"

"A little out, and then—"

Here Mr. Punch through telephone,

Was heard, "Nay, Gentlemen!

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,

Like little mice stole in,

And out," the younger poet wrote.

(Bob, smiling, smoothed his chin.)

"The metre in each poem sweet

Is perfect, there's no doubt,

And yet I notice that 'the feet'

In both alike are out!

"And 'out' was Mr. Punch. And yet

Shall he with fault be fixed,

When Poets two contrive to get

Themselves a little mixed!"

"A FIRESIDE HAMLET."—If the scene of a domestic drama were laid among the few scattered cottages on the Thames between Monkey Island and Surly Hall, a good name for it would be The Waterside Hamlet.

reads atween the lines of his werry undignified letter, a hungering arter the loftiest forms of queensery, and the oldest forms of grand wines, with a hunger as wud do honner to a past Lord Mare who was blest with a Oliver's twist.

He pints out, however, one exeption to the crewel rule. The onest Fishmongers, as Amlet calls 'em,—so praps he knowd more on 'em at Fishmongers' All than at blooming Billingsgate—never leaves out this hungry ofshal at their numerus Bankwets—and they are werry near being fust class, speshally their '20 sherry to witch I'm partiklar partial—not only so, but, as he says, they are so werry fond of him and his brotheren, that no less than eighteen on 'em het and drank of their horspitality ony last Toosday was a week.

Just one partin word of advice to Mr. Cue. The werry wust way to git a inwitashun to a reelly grand fust rate Bankwet, such as you gits at—never mind where—is to go and complane to the noosepapers as you ain't never asked, and the werry best way is to wait till it cums natrally, witch it's sure to do if you're the rite sort of fellow, and then to make yourself so agreabel that you're shure to be soon wanted agane.

ROBERT.

TWO SPEECHES.—Hooray! he hasn't gone yet! Mr. RUSSELL LOWELL, and making a capital speech last Monday week at Peterhouse, Cambridge. A real Happy Thought was that when you said you "thought it spoke well for the vigour of our ancestors that 600 (founding of Peterhouse) and 260 years ago (landing of Pilgrim Fathers), they should have been able, on what was virtually the shortest day, to have laid the foundation of a college, and the foundation of a mighty empire." To lay a foundation on a day at all is wonderful, but on the smallest day in the year is of course still more so.

Prince EDWARD got a laugh by regretting apologetically, in anticipation, his absence from the next centenary. Is this his first joke? If so, very good, and perhaps there's more where that comes from. We shall be happy to hear from His Royal Highness—occasionally.





## MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

## CHRISTMAS BOXES.

I AM the fortunate possessor of a very rich Uncle, and for years he has had the admirable custom of forwarding me a cheque of very considerable amount as a Christmas Box. I regret to add that my admirable Uncle, in addition to the possession of very considerable wealth, is also the possessor, in a very considerable degree, of what is generally denominated as humour, a quality in which I am absolutely and entirely deficient, but which I do not at all regret, as it seems to me to consist very largely in the saying or doing of ill-natured things which are intelligible only to the select few. As an example of my rich Uncle's humour, I may mention, that happening one day, just before Christmas-time last year, to be in his company, the conversation turned upon the nuisance and annoyance of the Christmas Box system prevalent in London, and several of the guests having spoken strongly and emphatically in denunciation of what they called the beggarly begging system, I naturally, but thoughtlessly, joined in, and added my little part to the general chorus. My Uncle was a silent but evidently amused listener, and said, when we parted, that my arguments had thoroughly convinced him of the truth of what had been stated, and he complimented me very warmly on my persuasive eloquence.

On the 24th of that same December, I received from my wealthy Uncle, instead of the customary cheque on Coutts', a basket of game, which he informed me, having been all shot by his own unerring hand, I could probably oblige him by accepting, without any of that feeling of degradation which I had so eloquently described as accompanying the receipt of unearned money, under the disguise of a Christmas Box.

Wondering whether my rich Uncle's rich vein of humour could possibly last more than twelve months, I waited with some considerable degree of anxiety the arrival of the 24th of this present month of December, when, to my intense surprise, I received by rail a large and exceedingly heavy package, for the carriage of which I had to pay the sum of 3s. 9d. Having, with some considerable difficulty, opened this Pandora's Box, as I rather wittily called it, I discovered, to my extreme disgust, that it contained about a scuttleful of coals, of a particularly dull-looking complexion, and a letter from my wealthy Uncle, informing me that, after the expenditure of a vast deal of money, he had at length struck coal, of which he forwarded me the first specimen, and of which he desired to have my candid opinion.

Recalling to mind the splendid cheque on Coutts', for which this coalsy sample was but a melancholy substitute, I seized a nubby piece with the pair of tongs, placed it on my cheerful fire, and patiently awaited the result. What was my astonishment to see that, after a gallant attempt by his blazing neighbours to make him one of themselves, they gradually ceased from the vain endeavour, and grew black, and dull, and cheerless as he. Surprised and disgusted, I seized the black poker, not the polished one, and proceeded to inflict upon it very severe chastisement; but all in vain—it calmly resisted my fiercest attack; and a second piece, tried as a last despairing experiment, extinguished my defeated fire, and sent me to bed angry and sneezing, and wondering what answer I could possibly write to my wealthy Uncle that would be at all consistent with truth, and yet not fatal to my natural expectations.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

## A GERMAN AUTHORITY.

HERR PUNCH,

Deez Herr Korrezbendent ori ze *Times* from Leipzig vort a command orph ze arnglesch tong az he! Zee ow he write an ven he zend ze letter about deez dynamitar skronndrel an he zay, in ze *Times*, December 23:—

"Altogether the chance of the prisoners seems much more worse than in England."

Ow exressiv he is! ow much more better is zat expression than as you would zay zimpily "worse," or "much worse." Ach! ve shall teach you zontings zoon, here and in ze Kolonies, zo! Deese Christmas is mit your vamilies a zeazon orph blum-budding, zo, I vish you a very Goot-pie!

VILHELM V. SPÜTTERWESSEL.

## Tyndall and the Fogs.

GREAT JOHN illuminates the fogs,  
That men may so evade 'em:  
Most deep of scientific dogs,  
I always thought you made 'em!

"THE OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS"—Boxing Day. It passed quickly, but was observed by everybody everywhere.

## THE NEW YEAR.

From Various Points of View.

*Emperor of G-rm-ny.*—Additional tumbles and periodical imperial meetings.

*King of It-ly.*—Freedom from Cholera.

*Emperor of A-str-a.*—Absence of fox-hunting Wife.

*The Czar of R-ss-a.*—Fresh precautions against Nihilism.

*The Prince of W-l-e.*—Work and relaxation at high pressure.

*The Duke of Ed-nb-rgh.*—Command of the Channel Squadron.

*The Duke of C-nn-ught.*—Permanent address—Horse Guards.

*The Duke of C-mbr-dge.*—Royal addition to the Retired List.

*Prince Von B-sm-rck.*—The German flag in Africa.

*General Baron W-l-l-y.*—Stars and Garters.

*Ch-n-se G-rd-n.*—Rescue.

*The Kh-d-ve.*—Retire.

*The Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.*—A seat in the Upper House.

*The Rest of the C-b-n-l.*—Other seats.

*The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.*—The Treasury Bench.

*Sir St-ff-rd N-rthc-to.*—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

*Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll.*—Ditto.

*Alfred Baron T-nn-s-n.*—New play—*Cardinal Wulsey* (improved modern spelling of WOLSEY).

*Lord Mayor N-tt-go.*—Camera obscured until the Ninth of November.

*Mr. W-ls-n B-rr-tt.*—Return of Mr. HENRY IRVING.

*The Rest of the Th-tr-c-l M-n-g-rs.*—The opening of the Inventories.

*The H-m-n R-ce (in general).*—Mr. PUNCH.

*His Supreme Majesty Mr. P-nch (in particular).*—Direction of all mundane affairs as per usual.

## A DIFFICULT POST.

AMONG the extraordinary wants that appear from time to time in the advertisement columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, the following appears to be especially remarkable:—

**MATRON WANTED,** to have charge of 20 rough girls, in laundry. Must understand the work. Age about 35. Wages £18 to £25. Must be total abstainer, high principled, and able to assert authority.

To take charge of twenty rough girls in a laundry strikes us as being a very arduous undertaking. Why, these damsels might smother the Matron in soap-suds, put her head in a blue-bag, dry her with hot irons, or hang her with her own lines. It is all very well to be high-principled, and to be able to assert authority. But what is a poor Matron to do with twenty rough girls armed with clothes-props? It strikes us very forcibly the good Lady would soon get into hot water.

## NEW YEAR OF OLD.

(A Duet of Other Days.)

"AROUND the hearth, in former times,  
At wassail with their friends and kin,  
Folks waked o'er midnight, while the chimes  
Rang Old Year out and New Year in.  
It was merry in hall with Knight and Squire,  
Where big logs blazed for lack of coal,  
And, roasted on a roaring fire,  
The crabs were hissing in the bowl."

"Crabs roasted? How now! Say'st thou so?  
'Tis told that lobsters, boiling, scream;  
An crabs hissed likewise, what a go,  
To roast them living it would seem!"  
"Nay, Sirrah, but thou dost misprize  
A word in meaning not the true.  
Thou art a Wag, or less than wise.  
The crabs were crab-apples. Go to!"

## PARIS TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

LOVE you, mon Prince? Oh yes, of course we do;  
But—"distance lends enchantment to the view."

CHANGE OF NAME.—I, ALFRED, Baron TENNYSON, hitherto known as TENNYSON, give notice that, having out out the "a" in the name of his Eminence THOMAS, sometime (in the Twelfth Century) Archbishop of Canterbury, I intend to drop the "r" out of my own title. Following the precedent set in the nomenclature of my latest Poem, I drop the "r" because I do not know the wherefore. As witness my hand. Witness, PUNCH. (Signed) TENNYSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.